

THE MINDEN ECHO

AND HALIBURTON RECORDER.

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Single Copy 3c.

Volume XLVIII.

MINDEN, ONTARIO, FRIDAY, JULY 20, 1934

NO. 43

FLY TIME

We have in stock, Screen Doors and Windows in various sizes and prices, Screen Cloth in several widths, Fly Ocide, Whiz and Fly Tox in different sizes and in bulk.

Special for this week-end

2 1-lb. tin Pork and Beans for - 15c

8-oz. bottle Vanilla - - 20c

S. W. WELCH

PULPWOOD WANTED

Peeled Spruce and Balsam and Peeled Poplar

Wood to be peeled in woods during May, June and mid-July.

Advance on contract as work progresses.

For contract specifications etc., apply to

GORDON W. JONES - Bancroft, Ont.
WM. A. WELCH, Agent - Minden, Ont.

Victoria Road

Mr. Geo. Lytle of Toronto spent the week-end with his parents here. He was accompanied home by his wife and two sons who have been here for the past two weeks.

Miss Ivy Clark, R.N., returned to Detroit Saturday after spending two weeks with her mother and sister at their summer home on Balsam Lake.

Miss Senels of Alberta left Saturday for Kikland Lake after a week's visit with Mrs. Thos Burton.

Mrs. H. E. Taylor is visiting friends at Hall's Lake.

Mrs. Jas. Lytle and Mrs. Harold Stewart have been called to Eldon owing to the illness of their mother, Mrs. Roberts.

Mrs. Ed. Lytle spent a few days with Mrs. Percy Oldfield.

A Child's Thought

My Jesus came from God's own home
Where he had always been,
To be God's perfect sacrifice,
To take away my sin.

He said He was the Bread of Life;
On Him He bade me feed.
Help me, dear Father, this to do,
As Thy dear word I read.

ETHEL M. CLARKSON

Haliburton News Items

DENTISTRY

Dr. M. C. Mills, dentist, will be at Haliburton all day Monday and Tuesday morning, and at Minden Tuesday afternoon and evening of each week.

St. Paul's Garden Party

The annual Garden Party of St. Paul's Anglican Church, Minden, will be held on the Parish Hall Grounds on Wednesday, July 25th. Supper served from 5:30 to 7:30. A good programme consisting of a short play, solos, readings, etc., will commence at 8 o'clock. Sale of fancy work, Fish Pond and refreshment booth on the grounds. Admission to supper and entertainment adults 35c, children 20c.

Carnarvon

Rev. E. B. Cook of Cannington called on friends here early in the week. Mr. Cook is an old Minden Township boy and his many friends were pleased to see him.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Allcorn and two children of Toronto are spending a few days with friends here.

Mr. E. M. Walker of Toronto is spending a few weeks with Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Rogers.

Mr. C. P. Rogers made a business trip to Lindsay last week.

Nearly all the summer cottages are now occupied and all seem to be enjoying the ideal weather.

Mrs. W. E. Rogers and family motored to Lindsay one day last week.

Mr. Walter Harrison is building an addition to his house which will add much to its appearance and convenience.

The stork paid an official visit to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Victor McBrien, leaving a fine baby girl. Congratulations.

Last week's Echo reported Mr. Fred Braden as a resident of Fenelon Falls. This was an error as his home is in Toronto.

Entrance Examinations

The following are the successful candidates at the Entrance Examinations in Haliburton County. Those recommended without writing are indicated by 'x'.

HALIBURTON

Clark, Cecil
Davidson, Lauretta
xFrain, Bruce
xGibson, Mona
xHagan, Helen
Howe, Annie
Howe, Donald
McDonald, Agnes
McIntyre, Thelda
Neville, Gloria
xPickett, Lovina
Pritchard, Olga
Roberts, Leda
Sedgwick, Eva

MINDEN

Barless, Eleanor
xBurton, James
Coulter, Leslie
Crawford, Alice
Fielding, Edith
Gibbs, Phyllis
Hirstwood, Gordon
xMoore, Robert
Smith, Eileen
Stata, Holly
Swinson, Phyllis

WILBERFORCE

Anderson, Ross
Bonham, Audrey
xBowen, Madeline
xCoulthard, Mary
Covert, Gerald
xCrofts, Doreen
Fleming, Aileen
Lewis, Lavern
McGregor, Lela
Pacey, Etta
Pacey, Harcourt
xSanderson, Wilbur
Scott, Jean
Scott, Wesley
Smith, Beatrice
xTallman, Edith
Waterbury, Edward

WEST GULFORD

Barry, Grace Z
Beatty, Marjorie
Beatty, Thelma
xBrown, Douglas
xCooper, Lorne
Dawson, Clifford
Dawson, Doreen
xHarrison, Evelyn
Horsley, Murray
McGuire, Marjorie

DORSET

Anderson, Godfrey
xBarry, Harold
McEachern, Lorraine
xMcLennan, Marvel
xNewton, Gladys
Tyrrel, Olive
xWatson, Jean

GOODERHAM

xHaywood, Margaret
xWait, Gladys
Madill, Belle

Of those who did write there are six who did especially well. They are indicated in order below—

- 1 Beatrice Smith, 2 Cardiff
- 2 Lela McGregor, 2 Cardiff
- 3 Marjorie J. Beatty, 5 Stanhope
- 4 Doreen Dawson, 5 Stanhope
- 5 Annie Howe, 3 Dysart
- 6 Eleanor Barless, 9 Minden

Dorset Enjoys Big Orange Celebration

(In part as Reported by Harry Linney to Huntsville Forester)

Muskoka and Haliburton united at Dorset in celebrating the Battle of the Boyne on the Twelfth. It was a big day. Over 1600 were present from Bracebridge, Minden, Gravenhurst, Haliburton, Huntsville, etc. Prosperous Lodges from Ontario's Highlands fraternized right royally for the day. Dorset excelled itself in entertaining visitors. It was the first in 25 years the brangemen had met there.

Dorset L.O.L. 754 was in the lead at parade and presented a pleasing appearance. Orrington Avery is the W.M. of Dorset Lodge, recently revived. The charter was originally obtained forty years ago. (October 25, 1894), and in its day has exercised a prominent part in the formation of Dorset character. Sidney Loucks is the Deputy Master. Charles Cunningham is Secretary and Norman McKay, Treasurer.

Minden L.O.L. 1061, Minden was mustered over fifty strong.

Dominion L.O.L. 975, Haliburton, has a membership of 121 and attended with a splendid representation.

Northern Star L.O.B.A. 828, Haliburton, had 15 members present.

Gelert L.O.L. 128, had 30 members present.

Boyne L.O.L. 1163, Allsaw, were neat in their appearance and carried themselves with dignity.

Boulton L.O.L. 218, Bracebridge, had a muster of 40.

Bracebridge L.O.B.A. 777 was well represented.

Morning Star L.O.L. 1278 Peterson Corners (Stanhope Township) had 24 members present.

King Edward L.O.L. 1357, West Guilford, did itself proud, having a fine attendance.

Pride of Canada L.O.L. 468, Lochlin, was represented by Wm. Cameron, W.M. Morning Star, L.T.B. 417, Maple Lake, sent Arnold Dummit.

John Lowe, Wm. Ruttan and Clarence Ruttan represented 2057, Barkway.

Allan McEachern of Dorset was parade marshal.

C. W. Hodgson, of Haliburton, Grand Lecturer, Grand Lodge of Ontario East, was present, and spoke at the grounds. This is the second time Haliburton County has been favored by G. L. representative, J. H. Delemere being the last when in 1892 he was Grand Master.

The dance in the township hall in the evening drew a record crowd.

Many were the expressions of appreciation at Dorset's hospitality. Decorations at the bridge, and two arches, one at each end of the village, gave color to the day. The stores were also gay in red, white and blue.

The speeches at the grounds were sound and broad, indicating that the true test of citizenship was the service one could give to his country, and every one in religion, should be permitted to worship as he sees fit.

TEA

During the past few weeks Tea has advanced very rapidly and market reports anticipate continued advances.

TEA WILL BE VERY MUCH HIGHER IN PRICE.

While Our Stock Lasts--

Indo-Cherry--a good tea

2 1/4 lbs. for \$1.00

Buy Tea NOW and Save

HARTLE'S

FOR HAYING

What about a new Mower or Rake?

Repairs for Frost & Wood and McCormick Deering

ROOFING--Metallic Roofing, freight and tax paid to any station

Do that leaking roof now

Com. etc., Affidavits, Deeds, Marriage Licenses, Old Age Pension Papers, etc.

E. E. McELWAIN - Gelert

Harburn Highlights

Again the glorious twelfth came and went. Quite a number from here celebrated at Dorset.

Our teacher, Miss G. A. Watt, is spending Summer Holidays at Sharbot Lake.

Miss J. E. Orr returned from the Dutch Line for the summer holidays at her home in Harburn.

Mr. W. I. Newstetter, of Cleveland, Ohio, is now entertaining a number of boys at his tourist resort on Moose Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Bowen are taking charge of a party of tourists at their "Mohican Cabin" on Crooked Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Rider and Children of Toronto are renewing acquaintances in Harburn, and camping for a week at Oblong Lake.

Roadwork is continuing here so far much improvement has been made on our road.

Mrs. Margaret Curry who has been our neighbor for forty years has moved to her home in Haliburton. She will be missed by her friends in Harburn.

Rev. and Mrs. Osborne and children of Thornbury are visiting at the home of her sister, Mrs. Lee Roberts.

Mrs. George Wilson is at present visiting her mother, Mrs. Carpenter, of Little Britain.

Mr. Bill McDonald and Mr. Clarence Howe from Six Point Lodge, Paudash spent last Sunday at their homes here.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Curry and little daughter, Jean, of Eagle Lake, and Mrs. M. Curry of Haliburton spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. Orr.

Joys of Camping Out

These are the days when people leave comfortable homes in town for uncomfortable camps at the lake. They abandon convenient electric stoves and cook in big iron pots after the fashion of their ancestors. They clean and cook the fish—when there are any fish. They are eaten alive with black flies and mosquitoes and stand for other hardships they would denounce at home. In most cases they are twice as hot at the lake as they would be in town, work twice as hard, entertain twice as many guests but singularly enough they stand for it all without complaint. In fact they rather like it. Must be an old Canadian custom picked up from the Indians who roamed about this country before the pale face landed.—Almonte Gazette.

Tenders for Wood

Tenders will be received by the undersigned until 5 o'clock p.m. Standard time, Tuesday, July 24th, 1934, for the supply of the following quantities of No. 1 body hardwood:

160 cords delivered to the Court House, Lindsay.

160 cords delivered to the Home for Aged and Infirm, near Lindsay.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

F. L. WELDON,
Clerk, County of Victoria
Court House,
Lindsay, Ont.

Advertise in The Echo

CHURCH

ST. JOHN'S

WEDNESDAY

INSURANCE**FIRE LIFE ACCIDENT
AUTOMOBILE**

With Reliable Companies
Reasonable Rates
Prompt Attention

AGENT FOR
Wawane Farm Insurance

J. LORNE DAWSON
MINDEN - ONTARIO

**ALFRED BOWMAN
LINDSAY**

Oxy-acetylene welding on autos and machinery, new rubber tires and steel channels of either solid or cushion, put on carriages. New rubber tires put on children's waggon and carriages, etc. Circular and cross-cut saws gummed and lawn mowers sharpened.

ALL KINDS OF GRINDING

SHO. 4, VICTORIA AVE. N.

**Automobile Insurance
At Reduced Rates in
Haliburton County**

All Models Ford, Chevrolet, Plymouths and all other four and six Cylinder Models.

Public Liability \$5,000 to \$10,000 and Property Damage \$1000.

Premium for above \$10.00 per year.

If Passenger Hazard is required add \$2.00

R. H. ANDERSON

TORY HILL - ONT.

**Mr. Berkeley
Feir**

has been appointed to represent several well known British and Canadian Companies handling Fire, Automobile and Accident Insurance, and prepared to write same

**REASONABLE RATES
SATISFACTORY
SETTLEMENTS**

NOTICE

FIRE-INSURANCE
Issuer of
**FISHING, HUNTING, TRAPPING
GUN
and MARRIAGE LICENCES**

J. A. LUCAS,
Notary Public
Haliburton
Box 52 Phone 14

Where Weight Counts

If you were a working man dependent upon a not too liberal supply of daily work to support your family, what would you think if your weight went down from 150 to 98 pounds?

Herbert was alarmed when this happened to him, but he did not want to take "time off" nor to spend money on himself. However, coughing and weakness had their effect and one day he had to be hurried to the Toronto Hospital for Consumptives. The experienced doctors at the hospital shook their heads when Herbert's weight was known—so little to build on!

However, patience, good nursing and complete rest have had the desired effect. His weight has increased twenty-two pounds, and he feels sure that he will be able to return to support his family at no distant date.

Financial assistance is urgently needed to continue the good work for many such as Herbert. Will you please lend your assistance by sending a generous contribution to G. A. Red, 123 College St., Toronto 1.

New Hampshire Citizen**Surely Was Primitive**

"Primitive!" exclaimed the New Hampshire man. "Primitive! Say, there was a man in our town—died five years ago—that couldn't read nor write. He made up his mind his boys were going to have a schooling, though, and sent the first one off one day, with an almanac. The boy came home and brought back the almanac, said the teacher told him he'd have to have a primer."

"The old man says 'You go back to that teacher and tell her that when she's learned ye all there is in this almanac, I'll buy ye a primer.'"

"He was primitive," allowed the visitor.

"Say, one time he went into the store here, and he says to the man: 'See here! I'm tired of buyin' an almanac every year. Can't ye sell me one of these leather-covered almanacs, one that'll last me.'"

"Well, the storekeeper knew him and knew he couldn't read. So he sold him a leather-covered Testament."

"That," Oliver says, "thar ye be. That's the kind of almanac I've wanted a long time." And he went off home satisfied.—Boston Globe.

**Abundant Proof That
Animals Change Color**

Though many an animal in the Arctic regions will change its coat to white for the winter months, there are few animals who turn gray, as human beings do, from old age. Animals are, however, susceptible to fright and shock, and this may cause their hair or fur to change to white, just as in the case of human beings. Domestic pets are naturally more susceptible to this than animals who are used to fending for themselves in the wild. The black coat of a dog will sometimes turn practically white if the dog has a fit or falls victim to a very bad bout of distemper. Cats are not immune from shock. Horses' coats often seem to change quite appreciably in color, but this may be only a matter of clipping. A horse that has been turned out for some time and then brought in to be clipped will become a light fawn color after the operation, when before it he seemed a dark chestnut. You wouldn't know he was the same horse!

Old Roman Road in England

The old Fosse way, which is to be reopened in its Walsingham section, is the early English name for the Roman road that ran from Lincoln to Exeter, writes "Looker On" in the London Daily Chronicle. Practically the whole of the original Roman line is still in use, although in parts it has dwindled to a lane.

From Lincoln its course may be traced through Newark and Leicester to High Cross, where it is intersected by another famous Roman road, Watling street, at a point known as the "center of England." Thence it proceeds through Cirencester and Bath to the half-forgotten Roman campment of Ilchester, though the road itself is here in fine condition. After Ilchester, the Fosse way crosses the hills near Chard into Devonshire and then enters Exeter.

Soldering Aluminum

Contrary to general opinion, soldered joints in aluminum are easily made and are as strong when first made as other metals. They fail, however, without exception a few weeks or even hours after exposure to mild corrosives, because during soldering, the solder dissolves some of the aluminum, forming alloys, generally of tin or zinc. These corrode so readily they even disintegrate in damp air, but where complete protection is afforded, as by painting, immersion in oil, etc., soldering is sometimes very useful. This protection is obviously rather impracticable in the case of utensils.

Tastes Differ

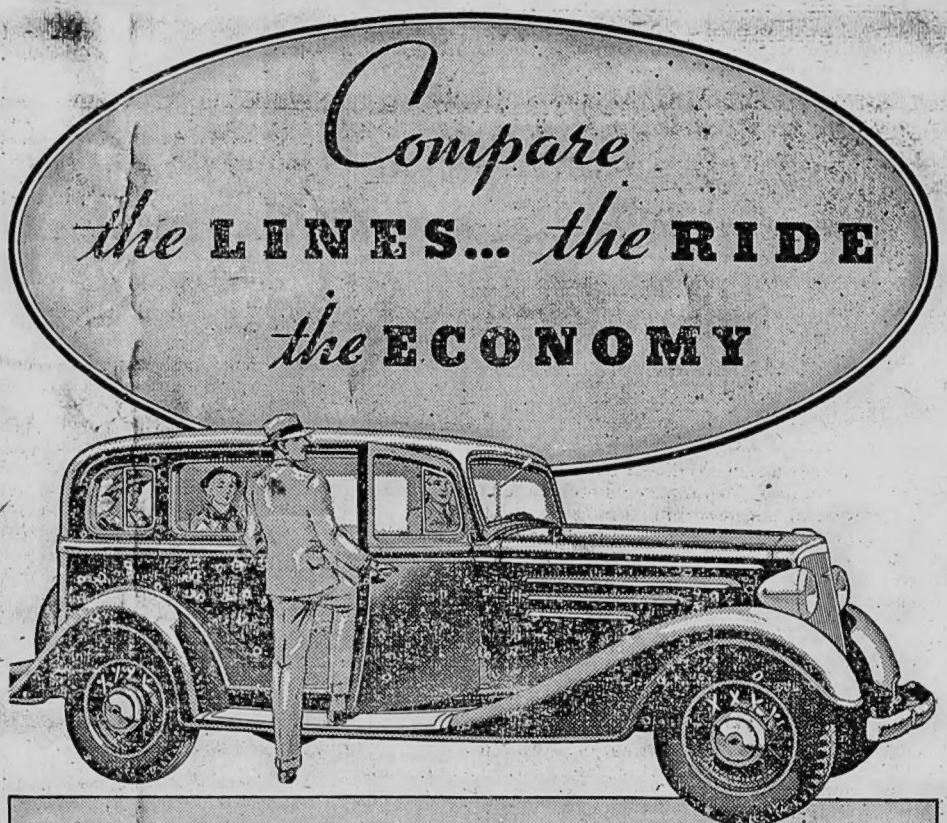
A farmer took his wife to a concert and after listening with apparent joy the pair suddenly became interested in one of the choruses: "All we, like sheep, have gone astray."

First a sharp soprano voice exclaimed, "All we, like sheep"; next a deep voice uttered in a most earnest tone, "All we, like sheep." Then all the singers at once asserted, "All we, like sheep."

"Well, I don't!" exclaimed the farmer to his wife. "I like beef and bacon, but I can't bear mutton."

Handy Turpentine

Turpentine is a useful commodity, which is not often found in the kitchen. These are some of its uses: The thinning of paint, cleansing glazed tiles, porcelain baths and sinks. Applied with a stiff brush it will keep the gas cooker clean outside. Removes grease instantly from all surfaces. Mixed with floor polish helps the polish to go twice as far and removes spots from the floor. Mixed with black enamel, it makes a good paint for grates and gas stoves.

**CHEVROLET**

is the **ONLY** low-priced car with **BODY BY FISHER**
ENCLOSED KNEE-ACTION . . . BLUE FLAME CYLINDER HEAD

MAKE your own honest, unbiased comparison of all low-priced cars and you'll notice that Chevrolet has a Fisher Body—and is the only low-priced car that gives you this world-famous style, comfort and safety advantage.

One look will show you that Chevrolet has fully-enclosed protected "knee-action"—and you'll find that no other low-priced car offers this safety type of front wheel springing.

Look under the hood, too, and you will see Chevrolet's valve-in-head, six-cylinder engine with the new Blue Flame head—comparison will reveal that Chevrolet is the only car with this matchless combination for power and economy.

Compare all-round. Check inside as well as outside. Analyze the delivered prices. And try the ride! Buy with open eyes and a mind attuned to proof, not claims, and you'll choose a Chevrolet Six . . . The fine, dependable automobile that is leading all cars in sales!

PRICES BEGIN AT
MASTER \$844 SIX STANDARD \$710 SIX
Delivered, fully equipped at factory, Oshawa, Ont. Freight and Government license extra. Easy GMAC terms.

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE . . . PRODUCED IN CANADA

W. R. CURRY & SON - Haliburton, Ont.
Assoc. Dealer---W. A. LINDOP - Minden, Ont.

MAKING HISTORY**First Shipment of Wheat From Western
Canada Marked New Era**

It is only a little over half a century ago that the Canadian West made its first shipment of wheat to outside points. It was but a trickle of the mighty stream that now annually flows to the markets of the world, but it was a historic moment in the history of the struggling grain industry in which there is more than \$200,000,000 invested for merchandising alone.

It is a curious comment on the swiftly moving wheels of industry that this particular 5,000 bushels, the first cargo, was seed grain sent to Ontario to relieve farmers there after their seed of that year had proven worthless.

R. C. Steele, Toronto, went to Winnipeg to complete the arrangements. He paid 80 cents per bushel for the load and it went down the Red River to Fargo and eastward into Toronto. It was October 12, 1876, when Mr. Steele reached Winnipeg. The supply came into Winnipeg in sacks on horses and oxen.

Eighty cents for a bushel of wheat, even though it was choice seed stuff, was a whale of a price to receive in those days and many farmers robbed themselves in order to contribute a few bushels to the consignment.

HARVEST OF OUR LAKES

The Whitefish is the Most Important of Fresh-Water Fish.

The most important fresh-water fish in Canada, from the commercial standpoint, is the common whitefish—Coregonus clupeaformis.

This whitefish, much in favour on the market as an excellent food, is abundant in the Great Lakes, especially Lake Erie.

its distribution has been reputed to be from Labrador and New Brunswick to the Prairie Provinces and northward. Another commercial variety of whitefish taken in Canadian waters is Coregonus labradoricus, or the Labrador whitefish, which is also known sometimes as the Sault whitefish. One or two other kinds of whitefish are also found in the Dominion, as, for example, the Rocky Mountain whitefish or Coregonus williamsi, which occurs in parts of Alberta and British Columbia and is regarded as a game fish.

The principal commercial production of whitefish in Canada is in Manitoba, Ontario, Saskatchewan and Alberta, but there are landings of substantial size from Quebec waters. Small catches are made both in the Yukon Territory and New Brunswick. A large part of the annual catch finds sale in the United States.

GOLF IN FAR NORTH**Four Members of Very Exclusive Club
Near Arctic Circle**

The ancient game of golf is played in all parts of Canada, even in the Arctic Circle. What is probably the world's farthest north golf links is located at Chesterfield Inlet on the northern shore of Hudson Bay in latitude 67. Also it might be called the most exclusive of all golf clubs as it has a membership of only four—the Church of England missionary, the Roman Catholic missionary, the Hudson's Bay Company's Factor and his assistant.

The membership fee, which entitles the payee to life membership, is ten polar bear teeth. The course is still in process of building, so far three holes being completed. They are 400 yards, 250 yards and 350 yards respectively in length, and are played three times in succession. Par for nine holes is 36.

While the weather was suitable for

fashioning of an excellent runway, the construction of a road presented some difficulty as grass will not grow so far north. This problem was solved, however, by building the greens from hand packed beach sand of which there is an expanse of ten miles near the coast. Four Eskimo boys, one for each member, form the regular roster of caddies.

Klondike Pete Broke

Made Fortunes Without Aid of Pick and Shovel—and Lost Them.

In 1889, when hundreds packed their picks and placer pans in answer to the Klondike fever which swept North America, Peter Kern went to Chicago, bought \$12,000 worth of diamonds and shipped for Alaska.

All the men were broke," Pete recalled, to a Forth Worth, Texas, newspaperman. "The women had all the gold, and did they like diamonds? I sold all those diamonds the first day."

Other shipments followed. Klondike Pete became the merchant prince of sinful Skagway, with its 165 saloons filled with gamblers and scores of bar-room women. He built a large cabin overlooking the Yukon river. Here he entertained in the fashion of a Florentine prince.

After 12 years in Alaska, Klondike Pete took the advice of a clairvoyant, deserted Alaska for El Paso, Tex., where the spiritualist had foreseen amazing success for him.

The clairvoyant's predictions came true. His jewelry business flourished. He invested heavily in real estate. A street in El Paso was named for him. Then business reversals swept away his fortune.

Klondike Pete now works with a wheelbarrow and hoe among the gardens of the Masonic Home for the Aged, at Fort Worth. A trunkful of souvenirs is all he has of his Alaskan venture.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

R. H. ANDERSON

We Make All Arrangements

When death occurs at a hospital in a distant city, it is still possible for the relatives to make all arrangements through a local director. This is always appreciated, as it obviates the necessity of dealing on so delicate a matter with unknown parties.

We are able to handle such assignment with the same "Thorough Attention" to details as when death occurs at home. If it is impossible for a member of this organization to reach the scene on time, we have connections with out-of-town funeral directors who will act as our agents.

When this procedure is followed it assures the family of sympathetic service and the protection of their interests.

JOHN WELCH & SON

FRANK WELCH, Mgr.

FUNERAL DIRECTORS

Telephone 20

MINDEN, ONT.

Job Printing at Reasonable Prices

The ECHO

Art School in Rockies



A. C. Leighton, R.B.A., president of the Government Art College at Calgary, who will again this year hold his summer art school for selected students from the province of Alberta at the Kananaskis Dude Ranch near Banff. Mr. Leighton, who is a grand nephew of the late Lord Leighton, president of the British Academy from 1878 to 1896, has been painting for years at Banff and through the Canadian Rockies. He is also head of the Institute of Technology and Art in

connection with the University of Alberta. Some years ago through his paintings of the old windmills of Kent and Sussex he was largely responsible for the movement to retain and restore these historic landmarks. The Kananaskis Dude Ranch operated by Mrs. Bill Brewster, is well known throughout Canada and the United States and is situated in the beautiful valley of the Bow River, and is surrounded by the most magnificent of Canadian Rocky Mountain scenery.

LOCAL LINES

The Echo will be pleased to receive from you for publication any news items of interest.

Mrs. W. J. Parker of Toronto is visiting her father, Mr. A. J. Puffer.

Mrs. D. F. Rogers is visiting her sister, Mrs. Hollinshead, in Huntsville.

Magistrate and Mrs. J. E. Finlay were visitors in the village on Tuesday.

Mr. Wm. Morphet left this week for his home in Emo.

Mrs. Jas. H. Smith is visiting relatives in Toronto.

Mrs. C. Brownlee of Peterboro is visiting her sisters, Mrs. L. Cary and Mrs. W. A. Welch.

Rev. and Mrs. R. R. Bonis left on Tuesday for a two weeks' visit with relatives in St. Mary's.

Mrs. C. Hargraves and daughters, Misses Ruth and Lillian are occupying their cottage in the village.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Cartwright and son, Fred, of Toronto, are the guests of her aunts, Misses Ranson, at Valley View Inn.

Messrs. L. A. Pritchard and W. MacArthur attended the Masonic Grand Lodge held in Toronto this week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Palmer and family of North Bay spent the week-end with his father and brother in the village.

Miss Carrie Jones of Toronto has spent the past week with her sister, Mrs. Harry Welch.

Mrs. Geo. Smith and son, Bert, left on Tuesday for their home in Alberta after a month's visit with relatives here.

Mr. Lloyd Walker was accompanied by his sister, Ena, to South Porcupine to visit her sister, Mrs. E. C. Rudd.

Miss Hilda M. Dark of the Woman's College Hospital, Toronto, is spending her vacation at her home, South Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Walker and family spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Johnson Walker and other relatives this week.

Mrs. Brown and Miss A. Brown of Toronto are at South Lake, together with Mrs. Clarkson and Bruce Clarkson of Toronto.

The Misses Jean and Dorothy Cross of Woodstock have returned home after enjoying a delightful fortnight at Hillcrest Lodge, Mountain Lake.

Mrs. Geo. Laynton, of Burnside, Ill., is visiting her brother, Mr. A. J. Puffer. It is 22 years since Mrs. Laynton last visited her brother.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Burton and daughter, Marjory, and Mrs. D. C. Brown and son, Claude, spent the week-end with relatives in Toronto, Marjory remaining for a week's holiday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Snell and Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Snell and daughter, Norma, spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Brock of Lindsay. Miss Norma remaining for a week.

Mrs. J. McCabe of Oshawa spent a few days with her father, Mr. A. J. Puffer, and was accompanied on her return by Misses Velma and Beulah Puffer for a visit to that city.

Congratulations are extended to Miss Madeline Loucks of Ingoldsbay, who has successfully completed her year at North Bay Normal. We understand she has been engaged to teach Allsaw school.

Mr. Gordon Myles and Miss Gertrude Snell spent the week-end with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Myles, at Dundas. They were accompanied by Messrs. Lionel and Alvin Barron, who visited their parents in Galt.

The death of Archibald Gouldie occurred at his home in Dwight on Friday of last week after a lengthy illness. Among those who attended the funeral on Sunday were Mrs. Harry Welch, Miss Carrie Jones and Frank Welch.

Misses Muriel and Mildred, twin daughters of Jas. Fairfield, are being congratulated on receiving 1st and 2nd prizes respectively for their Essays in a competition sponsored by the Horticultural Society to the pupils of the Continuation School of Fenelon Falls, "Flowers and their value in the beautification of your village".

DENTISTRY

Dr. M. C. Mills, dentist, will be at Haliburton all day Monday and Tuesday morning, and at Minden Tuesday afternoon and evening of each week.

NOTICE

W. A. Mills, Monument Engraver, will be at Minden Cemetery July 30 and 31 and will call at any cemetery from Minden to Haliburton and Kilmount. Leave word at the Echo Office or send a card direct to 21 Fair Avenue, Lindsay.

For Sale

1 piano in good condition, 1 Buffet, 1 dining room table, 1 China Cabinet, all to match, in fumed oak. Apply to ECHO OFFICE

Communication

West Guilford, July 12

To the Editor:

Permit me sufficient space in your columns to reply to a letter dated June 28, 1934, and signed by C. L. Scott and Andy Sisson.

On the night of June 18th I asked Andy Sisson to rent the Orange Hall at West Guilford for William Newman's political meeting, and I didn't get it. If this is not being refused I should like to know what they call it. As for the statement of arranging with the caretaker, no mention was made of the caretaker and I took it for granted that Andy Sisson was the caretaker, especially as he had the keys.

Regarding the matter of apologies, Mr. Newman is well aware of the difficulties his few supporters have had in this locality, literally surrounded by Henry followers, and that they are now striving to make a "big show" of their loyalty, in order to secure government jobs. As a matter of fact these "misleading statements" which are alleged to have been "spread around" were fervent denials started after the election by the frightened Conservatives who found themselves depending on government jobs and now "on the wrong side of the fence".

If C. L. Scott, Andy Sisson or the Orange Lodge are not satisfied with these statements they had better sue me for libel.

Thanking you Mr. Editor for your space in the Echo, I am

Yours truly
MUGG GRIFIN

Applications Wanted

Applications will be received by the undersigned up to July 31st, 1934, for the position as repair man to the Minden Municipal Telephone System. Applicants to furnish own conveyance. State experience and wages wanted.

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THE MINDEN ECHO

W. MACARTHUR, Pub.

CHURCH NOTES

For Next Sunday

ST. PAUL'S, MINDEN.

Rev. R. R. Bonis, B.A.

Sunday School Minden 10.00 a.m.
Morning Prayer, Minden 11.00 a.m.
Evening Prayer, Gelert 3.00 p.m.
Sunday School Scotch Line 6.30 p.m.
Evening Prayer, Scotch Line 7.30 p.m.

UNITED CHURCH MINDEN-CARNARVON

Rev. V. Zufelt, B.A., B.D.

Minister

Blairhampton 11.15 a.m.
Maple Lake S.S. 10.30 a.m.
Carnarvon 3.00 p.m.
Carnarvon S.S. 1.30 p.m.
Minden S.S. 10.30 a.m.
Minden 7.30 p.m.

HALIBURTON.

ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH

Rev. H. T. Arehbold

Sunday School 10.00 a.m.

Morning Service 11.00 a.m.

Evening Service 7.00 p.m.

UNITED CHURCH HALIBURTON

Rev. Harry Wilkinson

Donald 11.00 a.m.

Lochlin 2.30 p.m.

Haliburton 7.00 p.m.

SALVATION ARMY-HALIBURTON

Holiness Meeting 11.00 a.m.

Sunday School 2.30 p.m.

Salvation Meeting 7.00 p.m.

BAPTIST CHURCH

HALIBURTON, WEST GUILFORD

Rev. F. E. Manktelow, Pastor

Allsaw 10.30 a.m.

Haliburton 3.30 p.m.

Ingoldsbay 7.00 p.m.

West Guilford 7.00 p.m.

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Announcement

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Germany Pleads with France but Warns that Warfare is Near

Dramatic Peace Offer by Hitler Lieutenant Throbs with Defiance—Reminds Poilus of Trench Horrors.

Koenigsburg, Germany, July 8 — Rudolf Hess, minister without portfolio, known as Chancellor Hitler's "second self," pleaded today for an understanding with France, sounded a warning against impending war and defied any nation to invade Germany.

He spoke before Nazi chieftains of Prussia and his words were broadcast throughout the nation. Translations were then broadcast to the remotest corners of the world, showing the emphasis placed on his pronouncement, which followed just a week after the bloody "purge" of the Nazi party.

The speech was amazing not only because of its appeal to France, but also because of an implied warning that war threatens Europe and the defiance to invaders. The appeal to France was underscored by Hess as he suddenly switched from German to French and shouted, speaking of the miseries of war:

"Malheur pour nous, malheur pour vous, et malheur pour tout le monde." (Unhappiness for us, unhappiness for you, unhappiness for all, for the world.)

"I turn to comrades of the front, both here and on the other side of the trenches," said Hess. "Be honest: Didn't we experience horror at the thought of death?"

"When hand grenades were hurled at us, when poisonous gas threatened to choke us, despite our gas masks, when we heard the cries of anguish from the dying, when horror of every kind surrounded us, did we not ask ourselves, 'cannot humanity be spared all this?'"

"To be sure, out there in the

trenches we felt ourselves real men. We knew we were defending the Fatherland. We would not have missed the experience.

"Yet, we, the first fighters, want to avoid another war wherein the trench soldiers will again pay the bill.

"I say as a veteran to veterans across the borderland, I as a leader of one people ask the leaders of other peoples: Must this be? Can we not by mutual goodwill spare humanity another war?"

"Today I may speak because the leader of my people himself stretches out the hand of peace to the world. Today I must speak because I thereby am supporting the man who is trying at the last minute to avert a catastrophe."

Hess then became defiant.

"I raise my voice also however," he said, "because I want to warn the world against mistaking the Germany of today—the Germany of peace—for the Germany of yesterday—the Germany of pacifism.

"Let this be remembered: Despite our memories of the terrors of war, despite the fact that the younger generation wants war as little as does the older, the way is not open for a 'stroll' into our country."

Voices Plea For Peace

"We don't believe that any people want to disturb the peace of Germany and thereby the peace of Europe," he said. "We especially are unwilling to believe it of the French people.

"We know this people, too, longs for peace. We trench fighters remember France's population behind the lines always regarded the war as a misfortune for itself and for the world."

Buys Clothes Almost Daily

Max Baer Represses Loud Costumes to Extent at New York

New York, — Max Baer, who has been stocking up hardschery like a five-a-day hoover since he won the heavyweight title has decided not to go in for loud clothes.

"Some guys wear clothes that talk the California calliope remarked, exposing a set of English tweeds that would switch traffic on Hollywood boulevard. "I don't want to appear loud—that's why I'm so careful."

Gray buck shoes, gray slacks, and brown suits—double-breasted—are what is becoming to the champion, or at least becoming the property of the champion, Baer owns about two dozen ensembles, twice that many extras. He buys one or two nearly every day.

He tossed out a golf set—gray slacks, canary yellow sweater, gray buck shoes to match.

"Moderate," he remarked, "I don't want them to hear me on the next tee. Double-breasted coats are his passion. "They show my chest," he said. "I mean the shape of my chest. I'm a big fellow, it's becoming to my build."

Baer owns enough mess jackets to last a bus boy for a season. They are cool and comfortable, he said. They also show his chest.

More Exports Within Empire

Doctor Declares Girl School Wives Trouble-Makers

Ottawa — An increase of more than \$10,000,000 or approximately 7 per cent, was shown in exports to British Empire countries in May when they totalled \$32,028,000 as compared with \$21,668,000 in the corresponding month last year, says report issued by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics and under studied. he increase to the United Kingdom was 46 per cent.

Exports to foreign countries mounted to \$25,872,000 compared with \$23,914,000, an increase of \$1,958,000 or eight per cent. The increase to the United States was 24 per cent.

The six largest exports by countries were as follows, the figures with-

in brackets being those of a year ago: United Kingdom, \$26,116,000 (\$17,877,000); United States, \$17,202,000 (\$13,857,000); Australia, \$1,654,000 (\$1,126,000); Netherlands, \$1,487,000 (\$1,824,000); Germany, \$1,087,000 (\$994,000); Belgium, \$1,059,000 (\$1,721,000).

The Markets

PRODUCE PRICES

United Farmers Co-operative Co. Saturday were paying the following prices for produce:

EGGS—Prices to farmers, cases returned: "A" large 19c; "A" medium, 18c; "B" 17c; "C" 16c.

BUTTER—Ontario No. 1 creamery, 19c; No. 2, 18½c.

POULTRY:

Wholesale prices on poultry as supplied by the United Farmers Co-operative Co. here Saturday were:

(Quotations in Cents)

	Live	Dressed
	"A"	"B"
Hens, over 5 lbs.	11	13
4 to 5 lbs.	10	12
3 to 4 lbs.	9	11
Old roosters	6	8
Spring chickens:		
Over 4 lbs.	16	—
3½ to 4 lbs.	14	—
3 to 3½ lbs.	12	—
1 3/4 to 2 lbs.	10	—
Broilers:		
1 3/4 to 2½ lbs.	10	—

WHOLESALE PROVISIONS

Wholesale provision dealers are quoting the following prices to Toronto retail dealers:

Pork—Hams, 21c; shoulders, 15c; butts, 17½c; pork loins, 21c; picnic, 13c.

Lard—Pure, tierces, 8½c; tubs, 9½c; pails, 10c; prints, 9½c.

Shortening—Tierces, 8c; tubs, 9c; pails, 9½c; prints, 9½c.

GRAIN QUOTATIONS

Following are Saturday's closing quotations on Toronto grain transactions for car lots, prices on basis c.i.f. bay ports—

Manitoba wheat—No. 1 Nor., 81½c; No. 2 Nor., 78½c; No. 3 Nor., 76½c; No. 4 Nor., 74½c; No. 5 Nor., 72½c; No. 6 Nor., 70 3/4c.

Manitoba oats—No. 2 C.W., 42 1/8c; No. 3 C.W., 40 1/8c; No. 1 feed 39 3/8c; mixed feed oats, 30c.

Manitoba barley—No. 3 C.W., 48½c; No. 4 C.W., 47½c; No. 1 feed screenings, \$19 per ton.

Argentine corn—75c.

Ontario grain, approximate prices track shipping point—Wheat, 88c to

Dislikes Spectators While Bathing



"I'll take the jungle where you can have some privacy," snorts Herri Cully the elegant elephant, turning his back on the curious visitors watching him during his morning shower at the London, England, Zoo. The exhausted keeper is evidently about to turn off the water.

91c; oats, 38c to 40c; barley, 45c to 46c; corn, 68c to 72c; rye, 48c to 50c; buckwheat, 58c to 60c.

LIVE STOCK

Quotations:		
Steers up to 1,050 pounds,		
good and choice	\$4.50	\$4.75
Do., medium	4.00	4.25
Do., common	3.50	4.00
Steers over 1,050 pounds,		
good and choice	5.25	5.50
Do., medium	4.75	5.00
Do., common	4.25	5.00
Halfers, good and choice	4.50	4.75
Do., medium	4.00	4.25
Do., common	3.50	4.00
Fed calves, good and		
choice	5.50	6.00
Do., medium	4.50	5.00
Cows, good	3.00	3.25
Do., medium	2.50	2.75
Do., common	2.00	2.50
Canners and cutters	1.00	1.75
Bulls, good	3.00	3.25
Do., common	2.50	2.75
Stocker and feeder steers,		
good	3.25	3.75
Do., common	2.25	3.00
Milkers and springers	25.00	35.00
Calves, good and choice,		
weals	4.50	5.00
Grassers	2.50	3.00
Hogs, bacon, f.o.b.	8.40	
Do., off trucks	8.75	
Do., off cars	9.15	
Good ewes and wether		
lambs	8.50	
Do., bucks	6.50	
Do., culls	5.00	6.00
Sheep, good light	2.50	3.00
Do., heavies	1.50	2.00
Do., culls	1.00	

ing pain, most women fail to consult their physicians in the early stage, said Dr. Max Cutler, distinguished cancer authority of Chicago in reading a paper on the subject. Cancer in general and cancer of the breast in particular are not sudden events but as a rule results of a series of changes which may have begun years before. Radiation treatment of the disease, he warned, is even today in a state of evolution, and until the evidence is more adequate, surgical removal of the breast combined with radiation must remain the procedure of choice in all cancers of the breast.

Old Painting by Lotto Turns Up in England

LONDON—After being lost sight of for more than a century, an important early painting by the Venetian old master, Lorenzo Lotto (1480-1556), has been found in a British private collection where it has long remained unknown.

Though only a small picture, measuring about 22 by 17½ inches, this is a delightful example of one of the rare decorative paintings by Lotto, now chiefly famous for portraits.

Like most of the other early works of Lotto, the painting shows the influence of Giovanni Bellini. The subject, possibly inspired by some contemporary poem, is not very clear, in the center of the foreground is a tree trunk, at the foot of which is a shield bearing the arms of the Rossi di San Secondo family—azure, a lion rampant argent.

On the left a cupid plays on the ground with an instrument. On the right is a satyr among urns and vases, while in the middle distance a genius is seen ascending a high hill. The background shows a bay bordered by mountains, with a sea monster swimming in the water on the right.

Gout Put First Man in His Grave

London, — Adam and Eve had a lot of trouble over an apple, but evidence has come forward that it was

gout that finally put the first man in his grave.

This theory was advanced by an ancient manuscript put on display in London's historic college of Arms. The Exhibition was opened in celebration of the 450th anniversary of the "Kings, Herald, and Pursuivants of Arms" organization.

The low down on Adam was offered in an ancient vellum pedigree of a Saxon king, who proudly traced his family tree back to Adam. He added illuminatingly at the end that the ancestor of us all "died of the gout."

The manuscript was illustrated by picturesque drawings of Adam and Eve—an apple in their hands—surrounded by an assortment of animals.

Sir Malcolm May Not Race this Season

DAYTONA BEACH, Fla.—In a letter to a friend here, Sir Malcolm Campbell, who holds the world land speed record of 272 miles per hour made on Daytona Beach, said the chances are that he will not make his next trial for 300 m.p.h. either in Utah or here this year.

Work of remodeling the Bluebird, his racer, is progressing slowly, he said, and he may not be able to get it to Utah in time to take advantage of the salt bed course there while it is at its best.

"It is quite possible, therefore," he concluded, "that I may visit Daytona Beach early next year, although I am afraid the beach is neither long enough or sufficiently smooth to reach the 300 mile mark which I have set my heart and whole ambition on achieving."

KITCHENER—Safe blowers were too effective in dynamiting the safe in the office of the Canadian Oil Co. here recently, the blast mutilating the \$300 which was in it so badly that it was of no value. Although an accurate count is nearly impossible, it is believed that the cracksmen left without picking up any of the damaged currency.

BUILD MECHANICAL "BRAIN" TO SOLVE FLYING HAZARDS

Philadelphia.—Where human brain has been baffled, a "mechanical man" promises to lead the way to 'foolproof' flying.

Solution of problems that now block the path of ultimate safety in aviation, lies within the scope of a machine that thinks, claim the men who are building the brain at the University of Pennsylvania.

Many a problem an engineer either cannot solve at all or upon which he must spend days, weeks or months in research or experiment can be dashed off in no time by the mechanical thinker, says Irvan Travis engineering instructor at the university.

Under what conditions plane wings begin to flutter, when struts start to vibrate, what can be expected of propellers—those and similar intricate technical details that spell the difference between safe flights and tragic crashes are, Professor Travis asserts, mere child's play to the brain.

The mechanical mind works entirely in equations that would mean a thing to the average layman. It takes an engineer to start the mind—a complex machine 25 feet long, 10 feet wide, 4 feet high and weighing more than 3 tons—on its "thinking" process.

A problem is set up for solution by use of gears. A real poser may take half a day to prepare (easy ones take half an hour at most, but once the brain goes into action, it's all over in a couple of minutes. The answer comes out either as a plotted curve or in figures, depending what you want.

The 'brain' is the second of its kind 50 per cent larger and more efficient than the first, which was built several years ago at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology under the direction of Dr. Vanneman Bush, of Boston. It is being built as a work-relief project.

Not Race the Reason
St. Malcolm May

[illegible]

TIDES of YOUTH

By the Author of "Pencarrow"

By NELLE M. SCANLAN

SYNOPSIS.

Kelly Pencarrow is heartbroken when his Uncle Michael offers Gentry, his daughter's husband, a share in the Duffield farm. Kelly feels Gentry will not appreciate the gesture.

It was something almost sacred and apart. He loved every ridge of the hills, every curve of the valleys, every sweep of the pasture, and the beauty he had brought about with his own hands; the trees he had planted, the gardens he had made; the experiments he was trying and the improvements he was accomplishing. Gentry didn't care. Often he had laughed at the passionate enthusiasm with which Kelly had worked. But Gentry was an English cadet then, and didn't understand. Now he was part owner . . . and didn't care.

For these reasons Kelly could not return to Duffield, nor could he work on the Home Farm. He had tried to make them see, but they would not.

"It's not the money, Grannie. I'm not jealous of Gentry, as Father said."

"I know, my dear. You have a lot of your grandfather, John Kelly, in you, but you have enough of me to

make me understand."

"It was my fault, upsetting you last night. I'm terribly sorry, Grannie."

"The old heart is a little tired, my boy. But it is not the first shock it has had, and it won't be the last, so don't blame yourself for that."

"But I do."

"Tell me, what will you do now? You have quarrelled with your father again."

"Yes, I'm sorry, Grannie, but I couldn't help it. He will never see my point of view. He talks to me as if I were a criminal he was prosecuting!"

"Don't say that, Kelly."

"He does, really, Grannie. I don't think he likes me much. He's ambition for me, I know, for the Pencarrow firm, but not for me as I am. He resents me because I want to go my own way—"

"Some day, Kelly, you may marry and have sons of your own. Remember it then. Don't try to force them too hard. But you will; you will. If you owned Duffield, and your son wanted to be a doctor, shall we we say?—and sell the farm, what would you say then? What would come of all your planning and contriving?"

Kelly was silent. He knew she was right, and yet he could not surrender.

"Tell me, what are you going to do now?"

"I'll get on some up-country place, and later I may be able to pick up a bit of new country cheap, and clear it. Father says he'll never give me a penny. But I don't care."

Bessie Pencarrow saw the stinging tears held back. He was stubborn. Of all this turbulent brood of

grandchildren, Kelly was dearest to her. He was laying the foundations of a stormy life, but no words or entreaties could save him.

Kelly thought of it all now as he rode through the short afternoon, dreading to see her once again before she died.

He was obliged to spend the night at the railway hotel in order to catch the train next morning. Tomorrow would be the first of October, the heart of spring in New Zealand's calendar, where June brings rain, not roses, and Christmas treads on the heels of the longest day.

CHAPTER TWO

Kelly the Stubborn.

Genevieve met Kelly at Wellington station.

There was a frank fearlessness about Genevieve that was almost boyish. She was tall, like her father, moving with an athletic grace, but her interest, to the despair of her mother, were not domestic. She drove and rode well, but she sewed with a "homeward bound" stitch, as sailors say; there was neither neatness nor permanence about it. She had a quick wit and a sharp tongue, and was hard to beat in an argument. Sir Miles Pencarrow had learnt that his daughter Genevieve was the only member of the family who dared to contradict him.

Defiance he called it. The amusing, kindly, devoted father of their early childhood had become, after Jack was drowned, a brooding, disappointed, temperamental man, with a grudge against fate. True he was wealthy, and retained his place at the head of the Bar; was knighted for his services to the Government, and had a devoted wife and six healthy children. What more could a man ask? Yet he had a sense of failure.

Kelly had stubbornly refused to take his elder brother's place and carry on the old firm of Kelly and Pencarrow. Then Mary, his eldest daughter, took her pretty face into convent, instead of making the brilliant marriage he had hoped for her. That accounted for the eldest three. Then young Pat flashed into the limelight.

As one of the younger he had been merely a cipher. He fed and fought and took the blows and bangs of his elders in the rough and tumble of that infantile democracy, the nursery.

Patrick Aloysius Pencarrow was the youngest of the main brood, a gap of several years dividing him from the last child. Peter, Margaret, who was his immediate senior, was a soft, pliant child, and the one who would conform to her father's demands. But for her he had no special ambition. "No brains, but a nice disposition," was Kelly's verdict on her in later years.

She lacked the vital qualities which Pat demanded. Genevieve, who was eighteen months older than Margaret had allied herself with Kelly, whom she adored.

Pat was driven to seek adventure in books. He feasted on books of adventure, and revelled in thrills of the sea, which woke a wild longing to share in these daredevil doings before the mast. He would sit deep in a tale of storm and wreck, of coral islands and strange, fascinating ports, without thought of time or place. He was transported blither and thither by the wild rush of words, which built new and enthralling worlds for him. He could almost

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In hot weather, stomach disorders and indigestion occur more frequently. Also children may play too hard. Mrs. Mary Mason, 53 Atlantic St., Halifax, N.S., says: "When the children are overtired and restless in warm weather I give them Baby's Own Tablets before retiring and in the morning they are happy, contented children." Says even for the tiniest baby, these sweet little tablets effectively relieve colic, summer complaint, simple fever and all minor disorders. Price 25c package, 25c Dr. Williams' **BABY'S OWN TABLETS**

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Quality

TEA

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the Gardens

EXPERT DENIES FEMALE IS MORE DEADLY THAN MALE

Director of New York Zoological Park Says Male of the Species is More Powerful Than Its Mate

New York.—Kipling was all wrong in the opinion of Dr. W. Reid Blair, when he observed that the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

Dr. Blair is in a position to know a lot about animals, both sexes. He is director of the New York Zoological Park—Bronx Zoo to the nature-loving, bear-feeding and lawn-littering public.

The male of the species, Dr. Blair declared today, is more dangerous, more powerful and more courageous than its mate.

"Among the higher forms of animal life," he said, "the males are larger, fiercer and better equipped with defensive and offensive weapons."

"It has been my experience, handling all sorts of animals here at the zoo, that the males are much harder to handle, much more dangerous than the females."

The reason, he said, is that upon the males falls the burden of protecting and providing for the home.

He gave credit to the females for greater docility, gentleness and adaptability. He also thinks females exhibit more intelligence in captivity—if intelligence is regarded as the ability of a creature to meet new situations.

The females are less obstinate and

headstrong than their mates, he asserted.

In some high orders of the animal world, notably among the birds of prey, the female is larger than the male. Even then, Dr. Blair said, the male makes up for his deficiency in size by possessing more dash and courage.

So, in Dr. Blair's opinion, Kipling was merely taking advantage of his nice-sounding, but unscientific adage.

Its only basis in fact, he said, is that sometimes the females show a little more subtlety in its method of attack.

Dr. Blair mentioned that down in the basement of the animal world, among the lower and more primitive creatures such as insects and crustaceans, the female is usually larger and stronger than the male.

Frequently, she kills and devours him after all biological responsibilities have been met.

But going up the scale of life into the more advanced forms, the mammals for instance, including man, woman's place is in the home and hers is the subordinate domestic role.

Since this pattern of nature's seems contrary to the ideals of staunch feminists such as public office-holding, trans-Atlantic flying women,—Dr. Blair discreetly declined to do any theorizing or interpreting.

Suggests S.A. Girls Train for Housework

Mrs. Mabel C. Malherbe, M. P., in a speech in the South African House has recommended "a special service battalion in which girls can be trained in household service and given board, uniform and a shilling a day pocket money."

From this centre domestic servants and children's nurses could be recruited, said Mrs. Malherbe. There was a wide field for this employment. The suggestion has been the subject of warm discussion in social circles.

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(To Be Continued.)

Issue No. 28—'34

The TRAYMORE
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A PAGE FROM MY DIARY

by P.C.2

It's a mystery to me why some men can't take their foot off the accelerator once in a while. I suppose it's some kind of disease—"speeditis" I'd call it—and it takes a real shock of some sort to cure it. Like hiccoughs only it's a sight more serious. For instance—

Two days ago, about tea-time, a big car sailed past me this side of Jonesville. Had a clear road all right, but they were hopping to it—so I thought I'd check up, and maybe tell 'em to slow down a bit. That's how I came to be right there when the crash came, two minutes later.

Did that foolish driver slow down through the village? Not by a jugful. Just went right on as though the place

wasn't there. And right by the cross-roads in the middle of the village it happened. Old man Higgins' big police dog ran out right in front. I heard the brakes go on then—the car almost lifted itself off the road—I heard a woman scream and the dog's last shriek—the car wobbled for a second as it went over the poor tyke, and then it struck the post in front of the store.

I was there almost on the second—and what a mess! Radiator and bumper smashed, fenders crushed—driver stunned and bleeding, his wife in hysterics. And a poor old dog dead in the road.

Why can't people slow down going through towns and villages? You tell me.

Well—I'll be seeing you.

Trains for Housework
Sugarcane S.A. Club

FROM

THE CONQUEROR

By Margaret Munro

His Name Suggested Big Things, but he Never tried to Live up to It Until —

Either the promise of childhood had not been fulfilled, or whoever had first suggested christening him Alexander Hector had possessed a keen sense of humour.

Far from being a conqueror, worthy to bear the names that had dogged his footsteps through twenty-seven years, Alexander Hector Perring was a slim young man, with a reserved air that unfortunately helped to conceal his real ability.

His fellow-clerks in the district surveyor's office declared that he was "afraid of his own shadow," and there was truth in the remark. But there was one thing which made him even more afraid than shadows, and that was losing his job. Which accounted for his punctuality, his timidity, his desire to please, and his ingrained habit of saving something from his salary every week.

Only once in the past seven years had little Perring been tempted to speculate. He would have blued the whole of the £200 he had saved on a flat and some furniture if Jean Mortimer had given him any encouragement.

But her mother had stepped in. He blushed now at the memory of Mrs. Mortimer's frigid politeness the night that Jean had allowed him to see her home and asked him in. He had not heard Jean's mother asking her "what she saw in that colourless individual," but he could imagine her saying it. To do him justice, Alexander Hector had never had any illusions about himself.

Still musing over the palpable injustice of life, he reached the office. Tyler, a sleek colleague whom he particularly disliked, was there first. And he was smiling and talking to Jean Mortimer, seated at her typewriter.

Tyler always had the luck. If he had reached the office early, Jean would have been late. Tyler always seemed to be saying something interesting, too. The fellow had a glib tongue. But he was a snake.

The morning passed slowly until the arrival of the heavy-jowled Mr. Baker and his companion. Tyler attended to them as usual; they had been in several times before to inquire about building restrictions in the neighbourhood.

Nothing strange in that—they were apparently representing some estate company anxious to develop in the locality. And Perring would have thought no more about it had he not overheard the heavy-jowled man say to Tyler:

"Well, eight-thirty, then."

Perring just went on working—did nothing to suggest that he had overheard—but as he worked his brain worked also. For, somehow, neither of the two men looked likely to cultivate a clerk without some good reason.

Then he remember the road. It was a great secret, that road. A new wide by-pass was to be cut through Patching Green to the heath, and if anyone—say, a firm of builders—could discover just where the road would run, there was money in plenty to be made by buying up the land on either side of it, and the land through which it would pass.

He stole a glance at Tyler. That young man was humming a tune, apparently well pleased with life. Alexander Hector felt uneasy.

At lunch-time he pretended to be busy, in order to stay in when the others went out. And thus it was that he managed to get another look at the rough plan, prepared some time before for the authorities in London, of the course of that road. Slowly his finger travelled along the lines it would follow—until it suddenly came to rest at the end of Mrs. Mortimer's garden!

Supposing—just supposing—his suspicions were correct? Supposing those who owned that land could be induced to sell by someone who knew? Supposing someone—Tyler, say—sold the information? It would mean that all those owners would miss a nice profit. Worse, it would mean that Mrs. Mortimer, a widow left with just enough to live on, would miss the chance of a lifetime.

Obviously, it was no use going to Mrs. Mortimer—she would not listen to him. She might tell his employer, and then he would be sacked. He thought again, and finally he made up his mind. Had Mrs. Mortimer alone been concerned, he would not have cared, but there was Jean. He was seized with a sudden longing to save the girl he had loved from what looked like a rascally conspiracy.

He had intended at first to stalk Tyler that evening. Now he abandon-

ed that resolve in favour of another. At eight-thirty, when Tyler slipped into the White Horse to meet Mr. Baker and his companion, Alex. Hector was entertaining Bannister, the local estate agent's clerk, in his back bed-sitting-room.

"So that's the position," he was saying. "I want you to see if Mrs. Mortimer will sell her house. If she will, I am ready to pay a deposit on it within twenty-four hours. I'll pay £1,500—that will be £150 deposit. But my name must not be mentioned. Let the offer come through Grayson, the solicitor."

"But why the hurry—and why that house? It's too big for you, even if you are getting married. It's old, and in bad repair. You're crazy!"

"Never mind whether I am crazy or not," answered Alexander Hector. "I want that deal put through to-morrow."

The deal went through; Perring paid his deposit, and got a receipt. When Jean came to the office the following morning and told of their "luck"—"getting rid of the house at a fine price" was how she put it—he watched Tyler out of the corner of his eye. And he saw Tyler sit up with a jerk.

"Sold your house, you say!" he exclaimed. "But I thought I told you—I mean, why didn't your mother wait, as I suggested?"

"You only hinted!" retorted Jean. "And a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, you know."

"Who's bought it?" asked Tyler. "We don't know, Mr. Grayson is the solicitor. It's for a client of his."

Tyler asked more questions, and with each query Alexander Hector knew more surely that he had been right. With a surprisingly light heart, considering that he had committed himself to buy a property for £1,500, when all that he owned in the world was £200, he awaited developments.

The developments came. At eleven o'clock on the morning of the following Thursday, Mr. Baker, representing the firm of Baker and Inskip, contractors, attended by appointment at Mr. Grayson's office for the purpose of meeting the purchaser of Holly Lodge—Mrs. Mortimer's house—and trying to discover why that mysterious individual had refused a profit of £200 on his deal.

Alexander Hector's knees were knocking together as he was ushered into the room, but he hoped that no one would notice the fact.

"You!" boomed Baker. "But surely you are a clerk in the same office as—"

"As Mr. Tyler," said Perring calmly. "I am here today as the purchaser of the property. That is quite correct. But Holly Lodge. I understood that—or—you wished to make some further proposition."

"Tyler put you up to this! He double-crossed me!" thundered Baker. Alexander Hector shook his head.

"I am not in Mr. Tyler's confidence," he said. "And I don't know what you are driving at. I want to get married. I have, therefore, bought a house. You, I am led to understand, have also taken a fancy to the same house. In that case, what do you offer me for it?"

Mr. Baker swallowed hard. "This is blackmail! You know as well as I do why I want that house! I'll report you to the surveyor. I'll get you sacked!"

"I think not!" retorted Alexander Hector, feeling magnificently himself. "I think not! How would you explain your own eagerness to secure this particular property?"

Baker knew when he was beaten. "Name your terms!" he snapped.

"Five hundred pounds profit," said Perring calmly. "That or nothing."

For one short moment Baker hesitated, while Alexander Hector's heart stood still.

"I'll buy," said Baker at last.

That evening Alexander Hector put on his best suit, polished his shoes and bought a large box of chocolates, and an even larger bunch of flowers.

Thus armed, he knocked on the door of the house which he had bought and sold.

Jean herself opened the door.

"May-I see your mother?" he said.

She held open the door for him to enter. His knees were knocking again. Facing Baker was one thing, but facing Jean's mother was another.

"You have probably heard that this house was sold to one of Mr. Grayson's clients—and had today been resold—"

he began.

"How did you know?" said Mrs. Mortimer.

"I know because I bought it in the first place," he answered evenly. "And I want to know this—I bought it because our friend Tyler was being brib-

ed by someone and was planning to let you down. You see he knew that, according to the original plans which are still secret, the new by-pass would run along the bottom of your garden, making the house more valuable."

Alexander Hector smiled upon them benignly.

"Lov—I mean admiring your daughter, I could not let that happen. But neither could I tell anyone without betraying a secret known to me by reason of my employment. So I did the only thing possible. I bought the house myself."

Mrs. Mortimer was smiling at him.

"You are very clever, Mr. Perring and much shrewder than I thought. We should certainly have taken the first offer. But tell me, if the road is coming, why did you let these men have the house—then for the higher price?"

Alexander Hector knew that his supreme moment had come.

"I said 'according to the original plans,' he answered proudly. "You see, I knew, but Tyler didn't, that those plans had been scrapped."

"I'll have to think about looking for a new house or a flat," said Mrs. Mortimer later.

"I've been thinking about that, too," said Alexander Hector, remembering suddenly that the true conqueror always strikes while the iron is hot. "Could—that is, may I discuss something with Jean before you decide anything?"

He stopped amazed at his own rashness.

"Yes—" urged Jean gently.

"I was thinking," he added, "that quite a lot of things have changed in the last few days."

Jean Mortimer, seeing the new look of determination in his eyes, agreed. Quite a lot of things had changed. Her mother's opinion of Alexander Hector, for instance. And he himself most of all.—*London Answers.*

Tells Secrets

Famous Photographer Reveals Many Tricks of Profession

For a number of years photographers who specialize in studies of children have been reaching into bags and pulling out tricks that make children their admiring friends for life. Sometimes from the bag comes a fuzzy dog that corks perky ears and wiggles a friendly paw at a timid little girl, yipping as musically in tiny shrill voice that the child forgets her shyness and bursts into gleeful giggles.

Or it may be a knowing-looking monkey that emerges scratching his comical head and gibbering monkey-talk that completely captivates a rebellious little boy who until then was determined not to do anything as sissy as have his picture taken!

That's the object of the magical blue bag, of course — to get the boys and girls into a picture-taking frame of mind. So says a famous

Tricks Up His Sleeve

To fit himself for a job that requires more diplomacy than a prime ministership this man has become ventriloquist, conjurer, juggler, amateur psychologist, and authority on airplanes, stamp collecting, mechanics, radio, wild flowers, birds, the habits of dolls and dozens of other subjects dear to the hearts of the very young.

"I like kids," he confides earnestly — as if any woman wouldn't know that the minute she sees him with them! "They're mighty interesting you know it? They keep me jumping, too. It wouldn't do for me to get to be a back number, you know. I have to learn something new every day to keep up with them. I make them learn, too."

Wanted to be an Artist

"How did I start it? Well, I was a farmer boy and came from New Jersey to the big city to study design. I thought I wanted to be an artist, but after I had seen a few artists with their sleek soles out, making a meal off half a box of crackers and a third of a bottle of milk, I decided I couldn't afford to starve for art and so I took up photography because it interested me. Children did, too, and I got on well with them—so I just combined the two and here I am!"

Here the reporter broke the lead in the pencil with which she was taking notes. With an innocent look, the photographer offered her another. She thanked him and tried to write a word. The pencil point collapsed—the "lead" was rubber. The joker chuckled.

"There was a serious little girl in here the other day," he related, "and while we were getting acquainted with her, I asked her if she could write. She said 'some' so I gave her that

pencil to write her name. She set about the task with great earnestness, her little fingers all bent up — and suddenly she looked at me, her eyes wide. 'There's something terrible the matter with that pencil,' she almost whispered.

Breaking Down Resistance

I had a sullen big boy the other day — he didn't want his picture taken and he didn't want to talk to me or anybody else — but something made me call him over to where I keep my stamp collection. 'Look here,' I said to him, 'I wish you'd look at this stamp and tell me if it's any good.' Well, sir, it was the right note all right. The kid was crazy about stamps. He talked for fifteen minutes about my stamps. We got a swell picture and I've had a couple of letters from him."

The artist often photographed the late Mrs. J. P. Morgan with her grandchildren and tells about a time when one of the children was on the war-path and Mrs. Morgan promised the little girl that if she would behave and do what she was told she might pick out a new toy at the toy shop next day. The little girl promised and next day her grandmother telephoned to tell me in an amused voice what the little girl had picked out of all the expensive choice offered her — just a cheap little tin pall and shovel for digging in the sand!

"That's typical of young ones," says the man who knows them. "They like simple things best. Most people give them too much, and think too much for them. It stunts their minds. Though I don't know where I got off to be offering advice to mothers — I haven't even got any children of my own!"

Child Psychology

"You see, kids are both simple and complex. They love dirt and love to dig in it — why, I took a boy to my place in the country that everybody called the worst boy in the world. I let him get himself good and tired digging in my garden every day he was there and he was as good a boy as you'd wish to see. But he was constantly scolded at home for his natural instincts. He was too full of energy and had no legitimate way to expend it. One thing is, children don't aggravate me as they do some grown-ups. If they ask too many foolish questions, I make them keep quiet, but I think a reasonable amount ought to be answered."

The late President Theodore Roosevelt was one of the camera man's earliest customers. He photographed the elder Roosevelt with all his grandchildren around him many times, but perhaps the most famous picture is the one he took of the grandfather and Theodore Roosevelt III. Roosevelt especially liked the woolly dog from the blue bag. He thought it was alive until he touched it, and then he laughed and said, "Bully bully!"

This successful photographer says the worst fault of amateurs, when they start to take pictures at home is that they take all just the same way, no matter what the light, and then when they're developed, some are over-exposed and some under-exposed. He advises parents who want to go get good pictures of their children to treat them like human beings and snap them when they're acting natural, not posing.

Mother Who Nurses

Babies Gives Them

Best Start in Life

Chicago, — Five leading pediatricians recently gave statistical proof—based on a study of 20,061 scattered cases—that the old fashioned mother who nurses her own babies is giving them the best start in life.

Bottle babies, it was found, suffered more from disease and sickness and the death rate among them was greater than among those nursed by mothers.

The study, which pediatricists claimed would once and for all settle an old dispute, was made under the direction of Dr. Clifford G. Grulee, professor of pediatrics at Rush Medical College. Assisting him were, Dr. Heyworth N. Sanford, director of Chicago's Infant Welfare Society, Dr. P. Herron, of Spokane, Wash., Dr. Jennie Kantor-Amtman and Dr. Harry Schwartz of Rush Medical College.

Dr. Grulee, although admitting that thousands of "formula babies" were husky and strong, said that the survey "knocked the props out from under" a theory that new knowledge of diet and vitamins had made bottle feedings as beneficial as breast feeding.

T.B. Down

Reduced By 22 Percent In 10 Years In Great Britain

London—Britain's army of health is winning some remarkable victories. Here are a few of the results as submitted to the House of Commons by Sir Hilton Young, Minister of Health:

The death rate is 10 percent. lower than five years ago.

Annually, 40,000 more infants under one year are saved than at the beginning of the century.

In 15 years, the death rate from the three principal diseases of children under five has been cut by one-half.

Where four persons died from whooping cough at the beginning of the century, there is only one victim now. The same for diphtheria.

Where seven died from scarlet fever 30 years ago, only one dies now; only one from typhoid compared with 22.

But "the most brilliant victory," he said, was recorded against the "white plague." As a result of the national campaign, the death rate from tuberculosis has been reduced in 10 years by 22 percent. In other words, for every 100 dying from T.B. 10 years ago, the number now is only 78.

The Minister ascribed the improved national health as in the main due to better health education, improved social conditions and lessening of overcrowding. The latter was the principal cause of disease, he stressed; tuberculosis could not be vanquished until slums were eradicated.

Mollisons Plan To

Fly to Australia

Former Amy Johnson Says She Has Often Been Terrified in the Air—But She Goes On

New York, — Mrs. Amy Johnson is planning another flight to Australia, and yet, she admitted today, she has often been "terrified" in the air.

"I think most people who fly know fear," she said, "unless it may be stunt pilots."

"I often get terrified, but it's like climbing a mountain. If you are half way there, you might as well go on. Fear comes when something begins to go wrong with the plane. One of my bad moments was when the engine began coughing badly while I was over the Timor Sea which is full of sharks."

Mrs. Mollison is here on private business, she said, and will leave tomorrow for the west. A girlish-looking person with honey-colored hair and fresh complexion, Mrs. Mollison said that she and her husband would fly together in the England-to-Australia air race next October, in a specially built plane.

Herself a world-figure in aviation, Mrs. Mollison lamented that "so far aviation is not a profession of great opportunity for women."

"Women have proved they can do most of the jobs that men can, but there is still prejudice," she said. "Women who do get anywhere in aviation do it because they have the influence."

Real Roof Garden

Is Still Popular

The term roof garden now signifies loveliness and entertainment to many people rather than an arrangement of flowers growing somewhere above the ground. This simpler type of roof garden is still popular, however, and is easily made whenever there is a sunny space on roof or porch.

The simplest way to have a roof garden is to grow the flowers in tubs, boxes or pots. Paint the containers green or some other color that will harmonize with the setting, and fill them with soil enriched with bone-meal or compost.

Drainage is easily arranged by holes in the bottom of the containers, and a deep layer of broken pots inside.

When Tommy handed in his homework, the teacher examined it very closely. "That looks suspiciously like your father's handwriting, Tommy," he said. "What have you got to say?"

"Well, sir," replied Tommy, after a long pause, "now I come to think of it, I used his fountain pen."



By MAX M. MORGAN

A Preview

The temperature in the small theatre was hovering around 90. We were all limp and it speaks well for Ronald Colman that he held our interest in his new Bull Dog Drummond film.

The photography is excellent. London streets glistening wet, wisps of fog floating through impressive entrances of old mansions, all lend a macabre atmosphere.

The humour is dry and evokes a steady chuckle throughout the film. It is a pleasure to view a mystery film with a sense of humour.

Here is one film you must jot down in your "Date" book.

Holidays

If you are still in doubt as to where you want to go, I would refer you to an interesting booklet entitled "101 Holiday Suggestions," sent out by Commins Travel Service, 133 King St. West; Toronto. They will solve your holiday dilemmas nicely.

Do You Know That —

The two foremost exponents of all-in girl wrestling, Miss Dot McClinton of South Africa, and Miss June Neilson of Canada, now giving exhibition bouts in Great Britain, are billed as "lady bear cats."

Although there are more than 450,000 "live" words in the English language, ten of them—the, of; that, it, I; is, and; to, a, in—comprise 25 per cent. of all the words used in our spoken or written communications.

The youngest grandmother in the world. This distinction is claimed by a 28-year-old Canberra (Australia) girl; whose daughter, aged fourteen, has just given birth to a baby.

Retirement at the age of twelve is forced on the temple dancers of the Island of Bali, Java, as after that age their muscles are said to become too stiff and set to render the requisite grace and agility. Most of these child dancers enter into their prime when six years old.

Some of the products which produce explosive dust are chocolate, rubber, grains, woods, fertilizers, dried milk, paper, cork, and sugar.

Poland's official hangman is threatening resignation because he has been classified as a physical worker, whereas in his own estimation his job is an intellectual one.

Teach Children to Have Wholesome Fear of Water

Boil that Which They Drink in Country; Respect Dangers of "Swimming Holes"

Regardless of the fact that city dwellers are generally pitied by the people in the country during the hot summer months, they are fortunate in one respect. Water supplies in cities are, as a general rule, as safe as science knows how to make them.

A mother in town may turn on the tap and be reasonably sure that there are no typhoid or dysentery germs in the stream that flows

DANGERS IN COUNTRY

Yet this very feeling of security is often our undoing when we migrate for a day or a week or a whole season to out-of-the-way places depending on streams and springs for our water. Too often the lovely sparkling fluid that the neighbors assure us is the best water in the world is indeed aqua mortis, the water of disease and death.

This year we should be especially careful of what we drink. Until a week or so ago we were badly in need of rain that the drought threatened to be really serious. A drought does peculiar things to nature besides drying up streams. Bacteria life thrives because there is more death and disease in erstwhile streams that have deteriorated into fetid pools.

If disease germs stayed where they were, all would be well! But along comes a hard shower and every sort of offal under the sun is washed into circulation.

The ground is baked hard and dry. In soft ground rain sinks in and deposits are left, more or less, where they lie. But watch the smallest kind of shower and see what happens. Rivulets form in every dent of the concrete earth and find their way to low places, rivers and streams.

GENERAL WARNING

A general warning should be given to picnickers and children going on outings. All hikers to the country should either take water along, or boil it thoroughly when they arrive

at their destination, unless the water obtained comes from a deeply-drilled and tested well, or a guaranteed community service.

Children should be warned against springs. They may look fair and beautiful but yet be very unsafe. Anyone in doubt about any water should boil it hard for 20 minutes. Be especially careful of the water babies or young children drink.

SWIMMING DANGERS

And talking about drinking water brings us to the subject of swimming and bathing. The trouble with children is that time seems so long to them that they forget the lessons of the past. A year is a century to a small boy or girl. What happened last summer is gone as completely as the Stone Age. The fact that someone was drowned last summer is only a vague dream. The past has no bearing on the present. It is always a new day with new urges and experiments.

The children's world is limited. They have no general knowledge of accidents. They don't read the papers. Therefore a season's toll of many hundreds of deaths by drowning does not affect their judgement.

Parents are inclined to leave too many things for them to decide, trusting to their knowledge of danger. We think they have the same perspective we have—that the many accidents to others have registered in their minds the same as they have in ours with resulting caution.

CHILDREN FORGET

It is not so. Probably not the smallest fraction of one per cent of children have ever actually known a boy or girl who was drowned.

The conversation between the parent and child goes something like this as a rule: "Johnny, you mustn't go into that river again because three people were drowned right there last summer. It is dangerous!" Then Johnny scoffs, "Why, that was ages ago."

Nothing ever happens there now. I tell you it's perfectly safe mother, besides I am a good swimmer."

And the chances are Johnny, being convinced that he is right, and that all women are "fraidies" about water anyway, will say, "Let's go," when someone wiggles two fingers.

Yet that doesn't relieve parents of their responsibility. It is up to them to save these reckless youngsters from themselves.

POINT OUT DANGERS

The best thing to do is to show a child some reason for not taking risks. Take a pencil and draw whirls and currents under the calm surface of a river, illustrating the power of forces stronger than he is. Show him what a "suck hole" is, and quicksand.

Draw a dock with old broken piles or poundholes which are hidden, and on which he may strike his head as he dives, or sunken boats or any of the accumulation of years that usually surround docks. Explain what a "cramp" really means.

Unfortunately there will always be some drowning accidents but we must do all that lies within our power to warn the children, to impress on them the need for caution and for care.

Queens of Past In New Settings

Mary Queen of Scots Would Use Her Wonderful Gifts of Fascination as Wife of an Ambassador

A young actress declared recently that King Henry VIII. (film version) was the ideal husband. Thereupon a well-known woman writer removed certain kings from their august places in history and judged them as husbands by modern standards. Few, one may add, survived the test.

If kings may be treated in this way without lese majeste, why not queens, since woman are the more adaptable sex?

Some queens, it must be admitted, cannot be taken out of ancient time and place without losing the very essence of personality. The dazzling wealth of the Queen of Sheba belongs to the mythical East; the charm of Cleopatra vanishes when we take her away from the Nile and the background of ancient Egypt. It is otherwise with Theodora, ornament of the Byzantine stage and Roman Empress; she steps with confidence out of the sixth century into the twentieth. She knew what it was to earn her livelihood as a dancer in the Hippodrome, and proved to be the equal of her husband—the Emperor Justinian—in ability and courage. She it was who, when Justinian was about to take refuge in flight from an angry mob, reminded him that "the imperial purple is a glorious shroud."

Queen Margaret of Scotland willingly exchanges the unlettered eleventh century for the twentieth. She rubs her eyes at a world full of books and a population indifferent to them. Like a bird she flies in at the open door of a university and is at once at home in its spacious library.

Diplomat's Wife Now.

Mary Queen of Scots cannot believe that she is in old Edinburgh until, glancing upward, she sees the frowning Castle rock. That stirs old memories, but they cease to disturb her, and she exclaims with delight over the gardens and shops of Princes Street, "almost as beautiful as Paris," she says softly, "but I miss the horses and falcons." Mary is the wife, exquisite and soignée, of the French Ambassador to England. In that sphere she is happy, using her wonderful gifts of fascination and savoir faire. She has a weakness for budding artists and musicians and her entourage of pet "lions" is well known in society.

That commanding red-haired lady is her husband's most trusted adviser. He is a financial magnate, but he admits that his wife's "flair" is even more delicate than his own. "And no wonder," laughs Queen Elizabeth, "did I not learn in the sixteenth century how to use a perfect blend of risk and caution in order to become rich? I lent money to other monarchs—yes—but first I got their Crown jewels as security. They called me the royal pawnbroker, but I did not mind." The telephone on her desk and the interviewer fades out.

Queen Victoria refuses to move forward out of the dignified setting which her personality created. "This a mad world," she affirms, in which she has no place.

They're Telling Us

"The only reason for an army and a navy is because of the mistakes of the diplomats." — Josephus A. Daniels.

"I believe there is a great field for those interested in the science of good government." — Fiorello H. LaGuardia.

Sun-Tan Dress

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished with Every Pattern



It's so simple, you can run it up on the sewing machine in about an hour. Yet, you will notice, its tricky details, that prevent it looking ordinary. Such pretty features are a bit of femininity added, by the shoulder bows that adorn the square cut neckline and the shaped bodice with attached sash that bows at the back.

Striped or plain pique, shirting cottons, pastel linen, peasant cotton weaves, horseblanket checks in linen, plain pastel or shirting tub silks, etc. gives you a wide choice of fabrics for to fashion it.

Style No. 2903 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yds.

of 39-inch material.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 15c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St. Toronto

Woman Archaeologist Heads Expedition

New York. — Digging in the Indian ruins of New Mexico all day, sitting up half the night to write reports, hauling water 40 miles and being doctor, teacher and executive to a staff of men is Mrs. Marjorie Trumbull's idea of a pleasant summer.

Mrs. Trumbull archaeologist, will start soon for the southwest at the head of her own expedition, sponsored by the Anthropological Laboratory of Santa Fe. She has been second in command a good many times, but as far as she knows she is the first woman to be sole head of an expedition of this kind.

"Just dig out an apartment house, that's all I am going to do," she said airily. The "apartment house," it turned out to be, is the ruin of a Pueblo on La Tetilla Peak, 40 miles from Santa Fe with a sheer drop of 600 feet to the Rio Grande below.

Tall, vigorous, with grey hair framing a young face, Mrs. Trumbull described the Indians among whom she has worked as "swell people."

"Out in the southwest, you can see man's rise from savagery more clearly than anywhere else," she said. In Egypt the story of his rise from the Stone Age is buried under 60 feet of Nile mud, but in the southwest it developed much later, and the climate is so dry all the early relics are preserved.

Manchester's Youth Now Enjoy Schooling

MANCHESTER, Eng.—Manchester boys and girls of today are better school-attenders than were their predecessors of 10 years ago.

Mr. W. O. Lester Smith, director of education for Manchester, points out that last year in Manchester there were only 189 prosecutions for non-attendance at school as against 341 ten years ago. The English child, he said, no longer went "unwillingly to school."

Our Sketch Club

LESSON NO. 15

Foliage in a picture requires very careful rendering. There are a number of illustrators whose work is never in great demand because of improper training and lack of faithful effort. Make up your mind that you are going to become a decided success and gain recognition. Follow our suggestions and criticisms carefully, put your whole heart into the work; thus you will rise high above the mediocre artist and become a leader in your profession.

One of our latest graduates is now a staff artist, illustrating stories for

is shown in Fig. 74 that differs from the former two. Being in high light, the tone value is rendered very differently. The light falls on the right and where it strikes the foliage it is left white. The masses are slightly suggested and a tone is thrown in between to help the contrast. Strive to obtain the exact effect, and draw over and over again if necessary to secure it.

Fig. 75 we illustrate a pen technique which may be adopted for very dark foliage or to show foliage in sunset or moonlight. We almost seem to see the light of the falling sun shin-



one of Canada's greatest weekly newspapers. The name of this young artist will be given on request, enclose a (3c) addressed envelope.

In Fig. 72, is an example of distant foliage. The lights and shades are not distinct, in fact cannot be seen; hence the whole effect is an even tone. A parallel line tint is used, the lines are slightly curved and run diagonally; they are clean cut, black and carefully spaced. Note the broken and irregular outline which avoids the stiff unnatural effect. Strive to put life and reality into every line you make.

Fig. 73, presents a middle distance effect. Not being so far distant as the sketch in Fig. 72, it is more distinct. You will observe colour or tone in this sketch; the former shows only a grey mass. To some degree lines are arranged in sets running in different directions and slightly curved. Another example of distant foliage

ing through the branches. The foliage, being somewhat distant, shows very little detail.

Ex. No. 17. For practice, study again the examples shown in the last three lessons, try to vary the outlines and tone value. Thus obtaining as many different effects as possible to store away for future reference.

Have you started on your work for the Free Sketching Contest. Remember that the Art Director is giving 3 prizes for the best three sketches received. The contest closes on August 1st, so get your entries in.

Questions will be answered in this department. Anyone wishing to receive a personal reply, may have same if a 3c stamped addressed envelope is enclosed with the request. The Art Director, Our Sketch Club, Room 425, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

Cartier Celebration Attracts Visitors

Hundreds of persons from Ontario and points in Quebec will travel in a special Canadian National train, operated under the auspices of the newspaper "Le Devoir", Montreal, to participate in the great celebration to take place in Gaspe Basin, Quebec, Aug. 24 and 25, to commemorate the discovery of Canada by Jacques Cartier four hundred years ago. The ladies in the party will, if present plans materialize, dress in the costume of the French province from which their ancestors came, thus lending a touch of romance to what promises to be a very colorful meeting.

While local festivities will be arranged at different points on the coast and the Bale de Chaleurs, explored by the great discoverer, the main celebration will take place at Gaspe, in presence of a large delegation of Canadian officials and many distinguished Frenchmen, including members of the Chambre des deputes, and French Academy and descendants of families whose names are intimately connected with the early history of Canada. The delegation from France will travel to Gaspe direct on the "Champlain," palatial steamer of the French Line, which will be anchored in Gaspe Bay from where the first contingent of Canadian Troops left for France in the fall of 1914.

One of the features of the commemorating ceremony will be the sea pageant which is scheduled to take place at Gaspe on August 24, on the eve of the official unveiling of a monument the foundation stone of which will be brought over from Saint Malo, France, on board the "Champlain."

Six Year Old Is Wizard At Chess

Wonders never cease and a strange tale comes from Belgrade where the national chess competition had just closed. When the victory was being celebrated, the proprietor of the cafe asked the champion if he would play with his little boy. Magnanimously and with no little amusement the champion consented.

They brought out the boy, a grubby little fellow, six years old, hardly as high as the table. Propping him up with cushions the professor laughingly began the game. After a few moves the little chap laughed and clapped his hands, and said, "Hey mister, you're going to lose your queen," and a few more moves and he did.

The professor then began to play in earnest, and it looked serious for the boy, till his father said to him, "If you win I'll give you 20 cents." The boy then set to work and when the game was over the champion was beaten and the 20 cent was in the boy's pocket. — Halifax Chronicle.

"Marriage is a lottery with very few prizes." "Of course it is. The best man never gets the bride."

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HOT WATER AND LEMON EXCELLENT MORNING HABIT

Flushes the System and Good for the Nerves — Helps to Relieve Constipation

BY "BON SANTE"

Writers on health topics are saying a lot of these days about the value of taking hot water with a dash of lemon juice every morning. It is sound advice, as nothing flushes the system better than hot water and the lemon juice aids the process as well as providing an excellent tonic for the system and the nerves. Taken first thing in the morning, one or two cups followed by a few minutes exercise constitutes excellent aids to good health.

Hot water and lemon at other times during the day is never a mistake. In fact it is an excellent thing if one experiences any discomfort after eating, and is particularly valuable in relieving constipation. Tap water is always very refreshing, but hot water, if available, has a better effect upon the system.

While we should not like to go so far as to advocate no tea or coffee, it is well-known that experts all frown upon any excess of these two delicious beverages, and certainly there are times when hot water and lemon would make a much more desirable drink from a health standpoint. Add some more lemon juice and

you get lemonade—and what could be nicer—but it is better plain or with very little sugar.

With the summer here, there is a danger of overdoing the matter of refreshing drinks, iced drinks in particular. Be very careful. Take them in extreme moderation, and we strongly recommend those made from pure, fresh fruits, in preference to any other—and avoid the sweetly sweet variety on account of their excess sugar content.

From the above it will be understood that what one drinks is quite as important from a health standpoint as what one eats, and one can not go wrong if a preference is shown for hot water, either plain or with some pure, fresh fruit juice added, taken at any hour of the day or night.

While discussing drinks it should be added that such pure juices as tomato, orange, and grape are not only very delectable but of immense value as an aid to health, and should be part of the daily diet.

"Bon Sante" will be pleased to answer questions. Simply address "Bon Sante" care of this newspaper, enclosing self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Weed Killing Is Explained

Chemical Methods Seen As
Easy Way On Small Pests
—Sodium Chlorate.

Essex.—Methods of cultivation and cropping for the suppression of weeds always involve considerable time and labor and everyone concerned is looking for some easier way to eradicate weeds. Chemical weed killers afford an easy means of destroying small patches of certain persistent perennial weeds and of killing many roadside weeds.

ROTATION BEST

Chemical weed killers, however, can never take the place of good farming, including a suitable crop rotation, thorough cultivation and the maintenance of the fertility of the soil.

The chemical weed killers with a sodium chlorate base have proved most effective, but their cost in most cases prohibits their use on large areas. Some of them, however, are now used effectively, and it is claimed, economically, to destroy weeds on roadsides.

Results of the experiments conducted at the Ontario Agricultural College indicate that sodium chlorate can be used economically to destroy large areas of ox-eye daisy and wild carrot in pasture fields.

Never use pure sodium chlorate any place where there is danger of fire, and observe great care in handling it. It is more dangerous than gasoline. It is highly inflammable and under some conditions explosive.

Experiments have shown that the following weeds can be destroyed by using a chemical weed killer with a sodium chlorate base: Perennial sow thistle, wild carrot, ox-eye daisy, orange hawkweed, blueweed, field bindweed, wild chicory, twitch grass, poison ivy and Canada thistle.

BEST SOLUTION

In using chemical weed killer with a sodium chlorate base the solution should be made by dissolving half a pound of the weed killer in a gallon of water. This solution should be applied at the rate of approximately one gallon to 100 square feet.

Perennial sow thistle can be destroyed by spraying the patch twice with a solution of a weed killer with a sodium chlorate base. Make the first

application when the flower buds are well formed, but before any color is showing. Follow this with a second application about a month later.

Blueweed, burdock, wild carrot, orange hawkweed and ox-eye daisy can be destroyed with one application of a weed killer with a sodium chlorate base. Spray these weeds a day or two after the first blooms have appeared.

Field bindweed and wild chicory require to be sprayed twice with a weed killer with a sodium chlorate base. Spray the bindweed first when it is in full bloom and again about two months later. Spray the chicory the first time just when its commences to bloom and a month later.

Twitch grass is one of the most difficult weeds to eradicate with chemicals. It requires to be sprayed three times with a weed killer. Give the first application just as the twitch grass comes into ear, the second when two inches of new growth have appeared, and the third a month later. When three applications of the weed killer have been made there will be a residual effect upon the crop the next year, but this will not be noticed the second year after treatment.

CANADA THISTLE

Canada thistle can be destroyed by scattering over the patches sodium chlorate crystals at the rate of a pound to 100 square feet. This should be done after a heavy frost in the fall.

Poison ivy can usually be destroyed by giving one application of a weed killer with a sodium chlorate base any time during the growing season. If the plants are sprayed during the early summer some new growth may appear in the fall, thus making necessary a second application. In exceptional cases, where the poison ivy plants are very old and woody, another application may be necessary the following spring. When working with poison ivy, gloves and rubber boots should be worn.

Weeds in driveways, paths and tennis courts can be eradicated by giving a heavy application of a weed killer with a sodium chlorate base. The solution should be made by dissolving three pounds of the weed killer in one gallon of water, and it should be applied at the rate of approximately one gallon per one hundred square feet.

It is well to bear in mind that all weed killers should be used with great care near trees and valuable shrubs or other vegetation. These may be seriously injured if weeds near them are sprayed heavily with a weed killer.

PRECAUTIONS NEEDED

While it is claimed that weed killers with a sodium chlorate base are

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not poisonous, it is advisable to keep livestock away from sprayed pastures or treated areas of weeds until such have received a heavy shower of rain. As a precautionary measure keep plenty of salt available to the livestock as sodium chlorate has a flavor very similar to common salt.

The best results from chemical weed killers cannot be secured by applying with an ordinary sprinkling can. They should be applied with a sprayer that delivers the solution in the form of a fine spray under pressure.

Curious World

A Bible in a Berlin library is printed on palm leaves; another in the Vatican Library weighs a quarter of a ton; while in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, is a Bible so tiny that it fits comfortably inside a walnut shell.

Trawling on horseback brings good catches at Mar del Plata, in the Argentine. The fishermen work in pairs, their nets spread between their mouths, and gallop up and down the shallows.

Botanical science has not yet learned why the telegraph plant of tropical Asia spontaneously trembles and shakes at frequent intervals, even in the still, calm air of a breezeless day.

Scientists have made bullfrogs, salamanders, and rats grow to double their normal size through injections of the secretion of the pituitary glands of oxen and sheep.

All snow is not white. Red, yellow, blue, green, and even black snow has fallen in various parts of the world.

The action of throat muscles in speaking, recorded by a new apparatus, has led an inventor to believe that no spoken sound has ever been uttered twice in identically the same way since the beginning of time.

Births on British ships average 140 a year. There are 1,200 persons living in London with birthplaces somewhere on the high seas. Most sea babies are girls.

Soured On The World?—That's Liver

Wake up your Liver Bile

—No Calomel necessary

Many people who feel sour, sluggish and generally wretched make the mistake of taking salts, oil, mineral water, laxative candy for chewing gum or roughage which only moves the bowels and ignores the liver.

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700-Year-Old Custom

The picturesque village of Briavels, in the Forest of Dean, was the scene on Sunday evening of a time-honored custom which perpetuates certain rights enjoyed by the inhabitants of the parish for more than 700 years. The occasion was the annual distribution of bread and cheese after the service in the church on Whitsunday evening.

The origin of the custom is somewhat obscure, but the privileges it commemorates date back to the 12th century, when a grant of woodland was made to the inhabitants of the parish of St. Briavels.

The parishioners of St. Briavels have the right to this day to cut and take all the timber they require for their own domestic use from the woodland known as Hucnalls.

The cost of providing the bread and cheese is defrayed by a collection among the parishioners. As the worshippers left the bread and cheese—cut in small dice and carried in baskets—were thrown in handfuls to the waiting crowd congregated on Church Tump.—London Times.

BELLHOP 48 YEARS

Asheville, N.C.—Forty-eight years ago the Battery Park hotel employed Charley Sisney, a negro, as a bell boy—and he is still on the job. Among those he met while on duty were President Theodore Roosevelt and President Wilson.

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